

# Absu, Stone Of Destiny

We are three High Kings in honor.  
We are the midst of Dagda's spell  
We are three armored forces, and  
We are the gold torqued leaders.  
Three wild horsemen.

Three fearless in combat.  
Three gold-crowned conjurers of clash, yet  
Three clannish chiefs from the Kingdom of Midhe.....  
The leading, foremost tyrant  
The subsequent tormentor, and  
The past intimidator of Cythrul  
Are impending.

"Has there ever been a better idol than Dagda?

Will there ever be a better icon than myself?"

"In the eyes of myself, I fervently speak."

The trio goes out at dawn

Fiercely, we plan to fight our assailants:

Three of us versus three thousand: complete.

"In the eyes of myself, I adroitly scream!"

"WE WILL ARRIVE AT THE STONE OF DESTINY." [Tara]

"WE WILL REACH THE PERDITION OF IBID." [Cythrul]

INVINCIBLE: we are to their spears!

INTREPIDLY: we occupy our posts!

A FORECAST OF DESTINY!

INVISIBLE: they are to their hands!

INSOLENTLY: they are amuse their own pride!

INTERCHANGEABILITY: INNERCHANGEABILITY!

"With the sway of myself, weather means disaster.

I affirm each day for the men of the brave."

[Repeat Verse:]

As our sword of steel, their mead, and courage are fused.

Is it not the throne for our Master of the Gulch?

On its trim are rings of pearls: poished,

One seat remains near the jaded citadel

[First Supposition - Narration:]

"The plains of adoration do lie somewhere below Tara, way below Tara, as a matter of fact.

Sometimes given as Moyslaught and as always, Crom Cruach is welcomed."

"With the sway of myself, weather means disaster.

I affirm each day for the men of the brave."

[Final Supposition - Narration:]

"The notorious Klan stands by the ramparts at Tara where all enemies are approaching.

Being bound by a geis, the three have no choice but to stand against the feeble units.

Enveloping in an opaque mist, they suddenly find themselves in a magical place where they are re

Finally they begin to walk up the steep grassland of Tara, with wand and swords, which enables the

It is the chair for our Master of the Tor.

It is embellished with bullion: marked.

It remains on top of the loftymound.

It streams gray and silver lining.

It will be an accolade given to us.

That is by the third of the last kings.